MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

APRIL NO. 91

COME ANY CLOSER, TORCH---AND I'LL SHUT OFF THE ELECTRO-MAGNET---IT LOOKS AS THOUGH DIZZY DAZE WINS AT LAST!
10¢
MARVEL COMIC
ANOTHER ASTONISHING TALE WHEREIN DIZZY DAZE, THE GENIUS OF GOOFY GIMICKS, TRAPS HUMAN TORCH!

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau; Board of Education, New York City

THE HUMAN TORCH

COME ANY CLOSER, TORCH---AND I'LL SHUT OFF THE ELECTRO-MAGNET---IT LOOKS AS THOUGH DIZZY DAZE WINS AT LAST!
"TRAPPED BY DIZZY DAZE!"
4531

WHAT CAN BE DONE TO DEFEAT A WHACKY CROOK WHO HAS A GIMMICK TO MEET EVERY EMERGENCY?--FLYING PROPELLER HATS, ELECTRO-MAGNETIC DEVICES FOR MAGNETIZING HUMAN BEINGS--AND A TORCH-PROOF AUTOGYRO! THE TORCH HAS TO FIND AN ANSWER TO THOSE PROBLEMS AS SUN GIRL'S LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE!

THE MOST VALUABLE EMERALD ON EARTH IS BEING DISPLAYED AT SPIFFANY'S JEWELRY STORE...
ISN'T IT LOVELY? IT'S THE *LARGEST EMERALD IN THE WORLD!*
IS IT SAFE TO KEEP IT HERE? WON'T SOME THIEF OR GANG OF THIEVES, TRY TO STEAL IT?
HA! HA! THIS GEM *CAN'T* BE STOLEN! THIS IS THE BEST PROTECTED STORE IN THE WORLD!

SUDDENLY, A LOUDLY DRESSED AND SMILING STRANGER MAKES AN APPEARANCE...
I DISAGREE GENTLEMEN! I THINK THAT GEM WOULD BE VERY *EASY* FOR A CLEVER CROOK TO STEAL!

IMPOSSIBLE! LOOK AT THE GUARDS WE HAVE AT THE DOORS! LOOK AT OUR BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM! THIS PLACE IS ABSOLUTELY ***BURGLAR PROOF!***

ALL RIGHT, ***LOOK*** AT THE GUARD! TSK! TSK! WHAT A SHAME!

WHAT'S A SHAME? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG!

IT'S A SHAME THAT YOU TURNED AROUND TO LOOK AT THE GUARD BECAUSE ***I'M TAKING YOUR EMERALD!*** HEE-HEE!

WHAT? WHY--IT'S ***GONE!*** YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

OH, CAN'T I? ***WATCH!***

GUARDS! STOP THAT MAN!

DON'T SHOOT, JOE, YOU MIGHT HIT ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE!

OKAY! WE'LL TACKLE HIM WHEN HE REACHES US!

SUDDENLY, THE AMAZING THIEF WHIPS OFF HIS HAT, AND UNDER IT IS A STRANGE PROPELLER DEVICE...

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A FEW BANK GUARDS TO STOP ***DIZZY DAZE,*** GENTLEMEN! WATCH!

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DON'T WORRY, FRIENDS, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR BURGLAR-PROOF EMERALD! HEE-HEE-HEE!

HE--HE'S ***FLYING AWAY!***

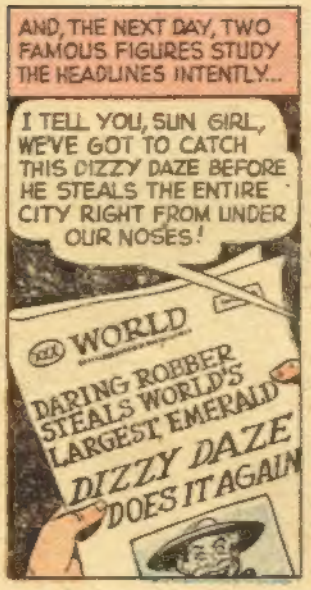
PUTT!

PUTT! PUTT!

THE GUARDS ARE SO STUNNED BY THE STARTLING SIGHT OF THE FLYING THIEF, THAT THEY MOMENTARILY FORGET TO SHOOT, UNTIL...

I ALWAYS KNEW THIS LITTLE HAT-O-PLANE WHICH I DESIGNED WOULD COME IN HANDY SOME DAY! HEE-HEE!
SPIFFANY

SHOOT HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! SHOOT HIM!
CAN'T-HE'S TOO HIGH!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! NOBODY CAN ROB SPIFFANY'S! I WON'T HAVE IT!
BANG!
BANG!
SPIFFANY BUILDING


AND, THE NEXT DAY, TWO FAMOUS FIGURES STUDY THE HEADLINES INTENTLY...
I TELL YOU, SUN GIRL, WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THIS DIZZY DAZE BEFORE HE STEALS THE ENTIRE CITY RIGHT FROM UNDER OUR NOSES!
WORLD
DARING ROBBER STEALS WORLD'S LARGEST EMERALD
DIZZY DAZE DOES IT AGAIN

COME ON, SUN GIRL, WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! NOW TO-- FLAME ON!
GEE, TORCH, YOU WOULD FLAME ON BEFORE I GOT TO READ THE COMICS IN THAT PAPER!

WHERE ARE WE GOING, TORCH? DO YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND DIZZY DAZE?
NO, BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THAT WE'LL BE SEEING SIGNS OF HIM IF WE KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HIDEOUT OF DIZZY DAZE-- MONK MAYHEM, DIZZY'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, REGISTERS A PROTEST...
SAY, BOSS! WHEN ARE YOU GONNA ROB SLUMPIN'--OR BEAT SOMEONE UP? I'M GETTIN' STALE WIT' ALL DIS NOT DOIN' ANYT'ING!
ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE MY PLANS FOR ME, MONK?

I WILL LAUNCH MY NEXT BRILLIANT CRIME IN MY OWN GOOD TIME! IN THE MEANTIME, LET THE POLICE WORRY ABOUT WHERE I'LL STRIKE NEXT!
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MONK! MONK! I'VE GOT IT! MY **SUPREME INSPIRATION!**

DIS I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR!

WHO'S THE MOST FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTER IN THE WORLD? THE **HUMAN TORCH!** RIGHT? **RIGHT!**--AND WHAT HAS EVERY CRIMINAL IN THE WORLD WISHED TO DO? DEFEAT THE **HUMAN TORCH!** RIGHT? **RIGHT!**--AND WHO'S GONNA **DO** IT? **DIZZY DAZE!** RIGHT? **RIGHT!**

WELL, ARE YA **ASKIN'** ME--OR **TELLIN'** ME?

THUMP! THUMP!

AND SO, NOT LONG AFTERWARDS..

TORCH, ARE YOU SURE WE'RE NOT WASTING OUR TIME UP HERE WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN?

I DON'T THINK SO SUN GIRL--LOOK AT THAT!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

THIS IS A CHALLENGE FROM DIZZY DAZE TO THE HUMAN TORCH--COME AND GET ME!

YOUR PLAN WOIKED, BOSS! HERE'S DE TORCH AND HIS GAL FRIEND!

AH! AFTER TODAY, I'LL BE THE UNDISPUTED KING OF THE UNDERWORLD! TURN ON THE WATER SPRAY!

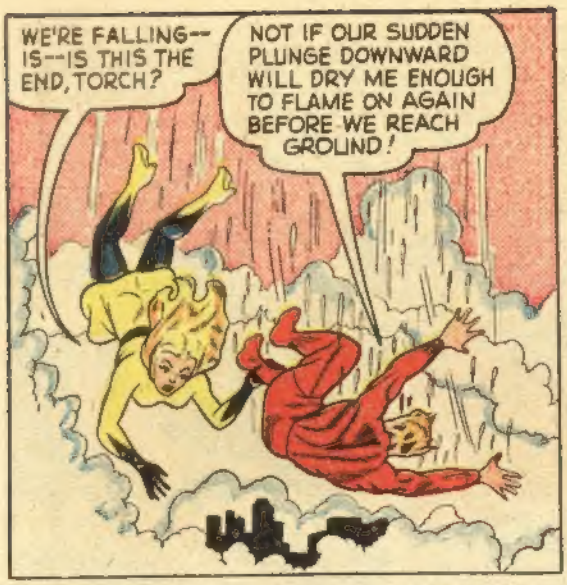
WATER SPRAY

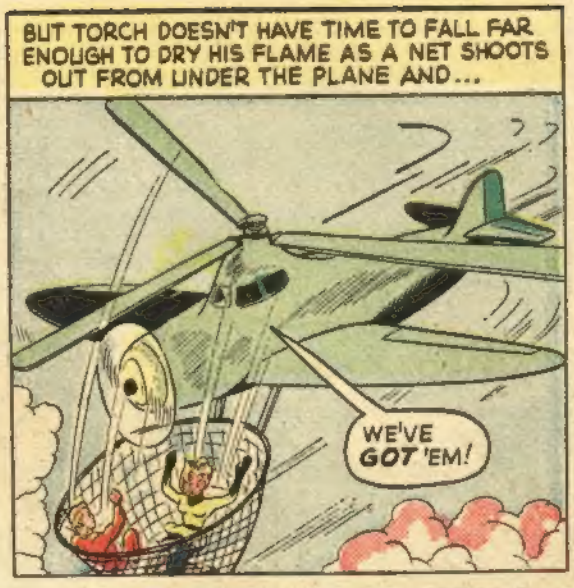
TORCH! IT'S A **TRAP!**

MY FLAME! IT'S GOING OUT!

SIZZLE!

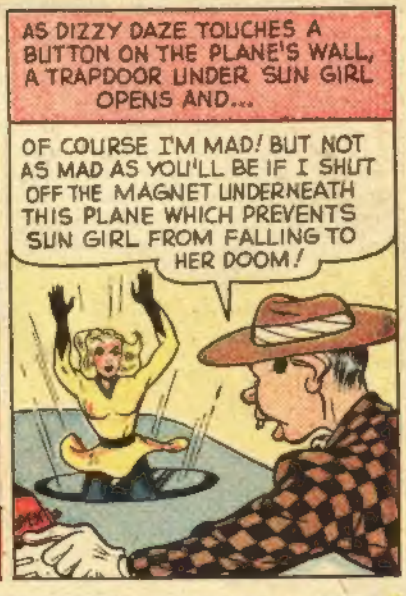
SIZZLE!


WE'RE FALLING--IS--IS THIS THE END, TORCH?
NOT IF OUR SUDDEN PLUNGE DOWNWARD WILL DRY ME ENOUGH TO FLAME ON AGAIN BEFORE WE REACH GROUND!


BUT TORCH DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO FALL FAR ENOUGH TO DRY HIS FLAME AS A NET SHOOTS OUT FROM UNDER THE PLANE AND...
WE'VE GOT 'EM!

WELCOME, FROM YOUR HOST, DIZZY DAZE! IT'S A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU, TORCH--WITHOUT YOUR FLAME!
WELL, DIZZY--YOU WIN THE FIRST ROUND, BUT...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US?

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THIS EMERALD WHICH I'VE STOLEN, AND YOU'RE GOING TO BRING IT TO SPIFFANY'S AND SELL IT BACK TO THEM FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS--THEN GIVE ME THE MONEY!
YOU'RE MAD!


AS DIZZY DAZE TOUCHES A BUTTON ON THE PLANE'S WALL, A TRAPDOOR UNDER SUN GIRL OPENS AND...
OF COURSE I'M MAD! BUT NOT AS MAD AS YOU'LL BE IF I SHUT OFF THE MAGNET UNDERNEATH THIS PLANE WHICH PREVENTS SUN GIRL FROM FALLING TO HER DOOM!

WELL, TORCH, WILL YOU AGREE TO WORK FOR ME--OR DO I PRESS THIS BUTTON WHICH WILL CUT OF MY ELECTRONIC MAGNET AND CAUSE THE SUN GIRL TO FALL TO HER DEATH?
I--I'LL DO IT!

YOU SHOULD BE DRY ENOUGH TO FLAME ON BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND, TORCH! REMEMBER NOW, NO TRICKS OR SUN GIRL DIES!

AT LAST--MY FLAME! NOW FOR SOME QUICK ACTION!

A FEW FLEET SECONDS LATER--BACK AT SPIFFANY'S...

OF COURSE I'M GLAD TO GET THE EMERALD BACK--BUT THIS CHECK FOR A MILLION DOLLARS--I...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! JUST GIVE IT TO ME, AND TRUST ME!

AND THEN...

OH, *TORCH!* YOU'VE GOT THE CHECK! YOU'VE-- YOU'VE BEEN BEATEN BY DIZZY DAZE!

NO I HAVEN'T, LOVELY LADY--JUST WAIT AND SEE!

DIZZY DAZE, I PROMISED YOU I'D BRING YOU A CHECK FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS IF YOU DIDN'T DROP SUN GIRL! WELL HERE IT IS--SO I'VE KEPT MY PROMISE!

THANK YOU, TORCH! I HAVE MY MONEY, YOU'RE MY PRISONERS, AND NOW--I CAN DESTROY YOU BOTH AT MY LEISURE!

NOT SO FAST, DAZE! I SAID I'D GIVE YOU THE CHECK--AND I DID! BUT I ***DIDN'T*** PROMISE TO LET YOU KEEP IT!

THE ***CHECK!*** MY ***HAND!*** ***YEOW-W-W!*** GET HIM, MONK!

IN A FLASH, TORCH SURROUNDS MONK WITH A RING OF FEARFUL FLAME AS DIZZY DAZE ANGRILY TURNS OFF THE CURRENT OF HIS ELECTRO-MAGNET!

SIT STILL, MONK--***YOU'RE*** NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

YOU FOOL! I'LL CUT OFF THE MAGNET'S RAYS FOR THAT! THIS IS THE END OF ***SUN GIRL!***

LIKE A MADDENED METEOR, THE HUMAN TORCH BLAZES THROUGH THE CABIN WALL OF THE PLANE AFTER THE FALLING SUN GIRL!

HELP! I'M FALLING!

SUN GIRL!

WHAT'S THIS? THE TORCH FLIES DOWN TOWARD SUN GIRL AND THEN PAST HER -- IGNORING THE LOVELY LADY!
TORCH! TORCH! SAVE ME! SAVE ME!
WELL--HE'S PASSED BY HER! I GUESS HE COULDN'T CATCH HER! NOTHING CAN SAVE SUN GIRL NOW!
THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! FIRST TO CUT THIS TREE DOWN, THEN...
...WE'LL USE THE BRANCHES AND LEAVES AS A NET...
...SO WE'LL CATCH SUN GIRL!
TORCH! YOU DID IT!
NOW TO GIVE DIZZY DAZE SOME TREATMENT TO REALLY MAKE HIM DIZZY!
WELL, NOW THAT WE'VE DEFEATED TORCH AND DESTROYED SUN GIRL-- NOTHING CAN STOP US, EH, MONK?
B--BOSS-- MAYBE YOU'D B--BETTER TURN AROUND!
YOU CAN BE STOPPED ALL RIGHT, DIZZY!
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WITH ONE MOTION, DIZZY DAZE SPINS AROUND AND TURNS ON THE PLANE'S SPECIALLY BUILT, EMERGENCY WATER SPRINKLER!

YOU AGAIN? DON'T YOU *EVER* KNOW WHEN YOU'RE LICKED?

I'M NOT LICKED *THIS* TIME!

THIS TIME I'M READY FOR YOU! I'LL MAKE MY FLAME *TOO HOT* FOR THE WATER TO EXTINGUISH--I'LL MAKE IT SO HOT IT'LL TURN THE WATER TO STEAM!

I'LL GET YOU YET! I'LL--(ULP!)--THE BULLETS ARE MELTING!

DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT BULLETS CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO HURT ME? MY FLAME MELTS THEM WHEN THEY COME NEAR ME!

TURN OFF YOUR FLAME! YOU'RE MELTING THE FLOOR! WE'RE--

YIPE!

IT'S TOO LATE!

ARGHHHH!

THE POLICE *CAN PICK UP* *DIZZY DAZE* AND *MONK* AFTER THEIR DIP!

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AND SO A FEW HOURS LATER...

OH, *TORCH!* IT'S *WONDERFUL!* WE'VE HEARD THE LAST OF DIZZY DAZE, THE EMERALD HAS BEEN RETURNED, AND YOU'RE STILL UNDEFEATED! AT LAST YOU CAN RELAX AND TAKE IT EASY!

NO, LOVELY LADY--I CAN'T *EVER* RELAX!

AND SO ENDS THE CURIOUS CASE OF DIZZY DAZE--BUT HAS THE *TORCH* *REALLY* HEARD THE LAST OF HIM? *THAT* REMAINS TO BE SEEN!

NO, I CAN'T EVER RELAX AS LONG AS ONE CRIMINAL WALKS THE FACE OF THIS EARTH! FOR PEOPLE LIKE US, SUN GIRL, THERE IS NO REST--ONLY ETERNAL VIGILANCE!

THE END

MARVEL
COMIC GROUP

A letter to our readers and their PARENTS!

HI, FRIENDS:

It has been reliably reported that in England, back in the 18th Century, book stores were called "slop shops of literature," simply because they sold novels. And that was the century in which some of our greatest classics were written, the century of Defoe, who wrote *Robinson Crusoe*, and Swift and his *Gulliver's Travels*. It was also the century of Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the brightest stars in the history of English literature. And it was Dr. Johnson who most vociferously defended the right of booksellers to sell the new, much abused novels and the right of authors to express themselves in this medium if they desired.

But what Dr. Johnson defended most enthusiastically was the right of the public to read *what they wanted to read*. And what we are defending is the right of youngsters to read whichever they like of the many, many good, clean comics currently being published.

Just as the critics of the 18th Century rapped the books which are now classics, in the same way there are critics of today, screaming and tearing out their hair, because a new kind of magazine, still in its infancy, is not to their liking. And as in the case of the novel, it is still too early for any man to pass judgment on the comics.

Let these critics of today look to their history. Let them decide if they want to be remembered as the 20th Century counterpart of the people who called Robinson Crusoe "slop".

And let the people of America decide if they want to be swayed by critics exercising premature judgment . . . or if they want to wait and watch, and soon realize that most comic magazines are really good, clean, healthful and entertaining reading matter.

THE EDITORS,
MARVEL COMIC GROUP

P. S.—Remember: Dr. Joan Thompson, School Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, New York City Board of Education, is now our Editorial Consultant. Dr. Thompson's professional examination of our magazines, as adviser to our staff, (see Page 1) is your guarantee that the Marvel Comic Group magazines are striving to bring you the very best in reading matter . . . and it is also your best argument that no one should ever take away your right to read these magazines.

RED UNIT

ALL WESTERN WINNERS
BLAZE CARSON
BLONDE PHANTOM
CAPTAIN AMERICA
CINDY
COMEDY COMICS
GEORGIE AND JUDY
HEDY DeVINE
HUMAN TORCH
JEANIE
JOKER COMICS
KID COLT
LANA
MARGIE
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS
MILLIE THE MODEL
NELLIE THE NURSE
PATSY WALKER
SUB MARINER
TEEN COMICS
TESSIE THE TYPIST
TEX MORGAN
TEX TAYLOR
TWO GUN KID
WILD WESTERN
WILLIE

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

ALL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMPLETE MYSTERY
CRIMEFIGHTERS ALWAYS WIN
FRANKIE AND LANA
GAY COMICS
IDEAL COMICS
JUNIOR MISS
JUSTICE COMICS
LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE
MITZI'S BOY FRIEND
MY ROMANCE
OSCAR

SUB-MARINER

CRACK!

"TERROR AT SEA!"

WHAT WAS THE STRANGE STORY IN CAPTAIN FORREST'S PAST? HOW COULD A CHAPTER IN AN UNFINISHED BOOK COME TO LIFE? WHY DID TERROR STALK THE DECKS OF THE S S HARBIN--TERROR THAT STRUCK FROM THE PAST?

3501

ABOARD THE **S. S. HARBIN** BOUND FOR **MIAMI BEACH**, FLORIDA .. **BETTY DEAN** AND **NAMORA** ARE RESTING ON DECK ..

AH-H! WHAT A VACATION CRUISE **THIS** IS GOING TO BE!

SUFFERING SEA SHELLS, BETTY! WHAT VACATION? YOU'VE BEEN OVERWORKING YOURSELF EVER SINCE WE LEFT NEW YORK!

YOU MEAN WRITING MY BOOK, "**CRIME IS PUNISHMENT?**" OH NAMORA — THAT'S A **PLEASURE!**

YES — BUT I'LL BET **SUB-MARINER** BAWLS YOU OUT FOR WORKING, WHEN HE MEETS US AT **MIAMI BEACH!**

1

OH, GOOD AFTERNOON, CAPTAIN FORREST!
GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES! IT'S NICE TO HAVE SUCH DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS ABOARD! IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU NEED, DON'T FAIL TO LET ME KNOW!
YOU KNOW, NAMORA – I'VE GOT THE FEELING I'VE SEEN CAPTAIN FORREST SOMEPLACE BEFORE!
TURTLESOUP! YOUR IMAGINATION IS WORKING OVERTIME! LET'S GO BACK INTO THE CABIN FOR A SNOOZE!
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT – SO I'LL GET BACK TO WORK ON THE NOVEL NOW!
WOW! AREN'T YOU THE ONE FOR PUNISHMENT! I'M GOING TO SLEEP!
SO! NAMORA IS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD UPSET OUR SCHEDULE! THIS SHOULD BE EASY!
THEN – LET'S GO, BOSS!
I'M GOING TO TACKLE A CHAPTER TITLED "MIKE RODEN – MISSING" – HE'S A CONFIDENCE MAN LONG OVERDUE FOR PRISON!
AND I'M LONG OVERDUE FOR DREAMLAND!
JUST THEN · · ·
WAS SOMEONE PAGING MIKE RODEN?
?
HOW DARE YOU DISTURB MY BEAUTY NAP?
YIPE!
KLUNK!
2

GET HER, BOYS! I'LL GET **THIS** ONE MYSELF!

HEY! UGHH-GLG!

BIND THEM **TIGHTLY**, GEORGE! **WELL!** THIS IS AN **EXCELLENT** BIOGRAPHY OF ME, MISS DEAN ··· BUT SUPPOSE WE SUMMON **CAPTAIN FORREST**, AND LET **HIM** BE THE JUDGE! GO FIND HIM, HERMAN!

SURE, BOSS!

THE TWO WOMEN ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ARMED MEN!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

I **STILL** CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SENT FOR THE CAPTAIN, YOU---YOU **CROOK!**

EASY, NAMORA! YOU'LL SOON SEE! HA! **HERE HE COMES NOW!**

YOU SENT FOR ME, MISS— **HUH?**

WELCOME, STRANGER! LONG TIME NO SEE, **MISTER HARRY SELLER!**

SELLER? HARRY SELLER? I DON'T UNDERSTAND! **PUT THAT GUN DOWN!** WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL OFF HERE ANYWAY?

SHUT UP, AND SIT DOWN! I'M GOING TO TELL YOU A LITTLE STORY, WHICH YOU WON'T REMEMBER — DUE TO **AMNESIA!**

AMNESIA?

YEAH — A QUAINT **DISEASE** OF THE **MIND!** MY STORY GOES BACK TEN YEARS, WHEN I KNEW A GUY CALLED **HARRY SELLER** WHO HAD A FANTASTIC NOTION THAT HE WAS A CAPABLE **"CONFIDENCE MAN!"**

WHO WAS I TO DISAGREE? BUT HARRY DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO CARRY OUT A DEAL! WE HAD A SCUFFLE — HARRY GOT CONKED ON THE HEAD, AND WOKE UP IN A HOSPITAL IN A STATE OF TOTAL AMNESIA! WHEN HE WAS RELEASED, HE ASSUMED A DIFFERENT NAME, AND GOT A JOB ON A SHIP!
HARRY SELLER WAS A BETTER SEAMAN THAN HE WAS A "CON MAN," OR HE COULDN'T HAVE WORKED HIS WAY UP TO CAPTAIN!
YOU — YOU MEAN ME?
CORRECT! AND THERE'S NO REASON WHY AMNESIA CAN'T WORK IN REVERSE!
UGH!
BAMM!
AND NOW, LADIES, YOU WILL WITNESS AN EXPERIMENT! WHO WILL THIS MAN BE WHEN HE WAKES UP? GIVE ME THAT WATER, HERMAN!
HERE, BOSS!
I'M BETTING ODDS ON A NEW PERSONALITY! AW-H! HE MOVES!
SPLAATT!
WOW! PFLUPPP! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN, MIKE! I'LL GO THROUGH WITH THE DEAL! B BUT — — — WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
HO! WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE LEFT OFF TEN YEARS AGO!
BRIEFLY MIKE RODEN EXPLAINS . . .
AND YOU SAY I'M CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP?!
THAT'S RIGHT, HARRY! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ROB THE PASSENGERS AND SKIP TO SOUTH AMERICA AND SAFETY!
4

GREAT! I'LL STOP THE SHIP AND SUMMON THE WEALTHIEST OF OUR PASSENGERS TO THE DINING ROOM! GET YOUR MEN READY!

ATTABOY, HARRY!

WHAT A FANTASTIC SITUATION!

I TRUST YOU'LL ENDURE THIS DISCOMFORT IN SILENCE WHILE WE -ER- PILLAGE THE PASSENGERS!

WE COULDN'T POSSIBLY OBJECT! I ONLY HOPE YOU GET YOUR NOSE CAUGHT IN THE BILGE-PUMP!

THE ANCHOR DROPS ··· EXCITED PASSENGERS STREAM INTO THE DINING SALON ···

HA! HA! WHAT A HAUL THIS WILL BE!

OKAY, MEN — BREAK OUT THE TOMMY-GUNS!

STEADY, FOLKS! ALL OF YOU, NOW— HANDS UP!

A ROBBERY!

IT'S — IT'S PIRACY!

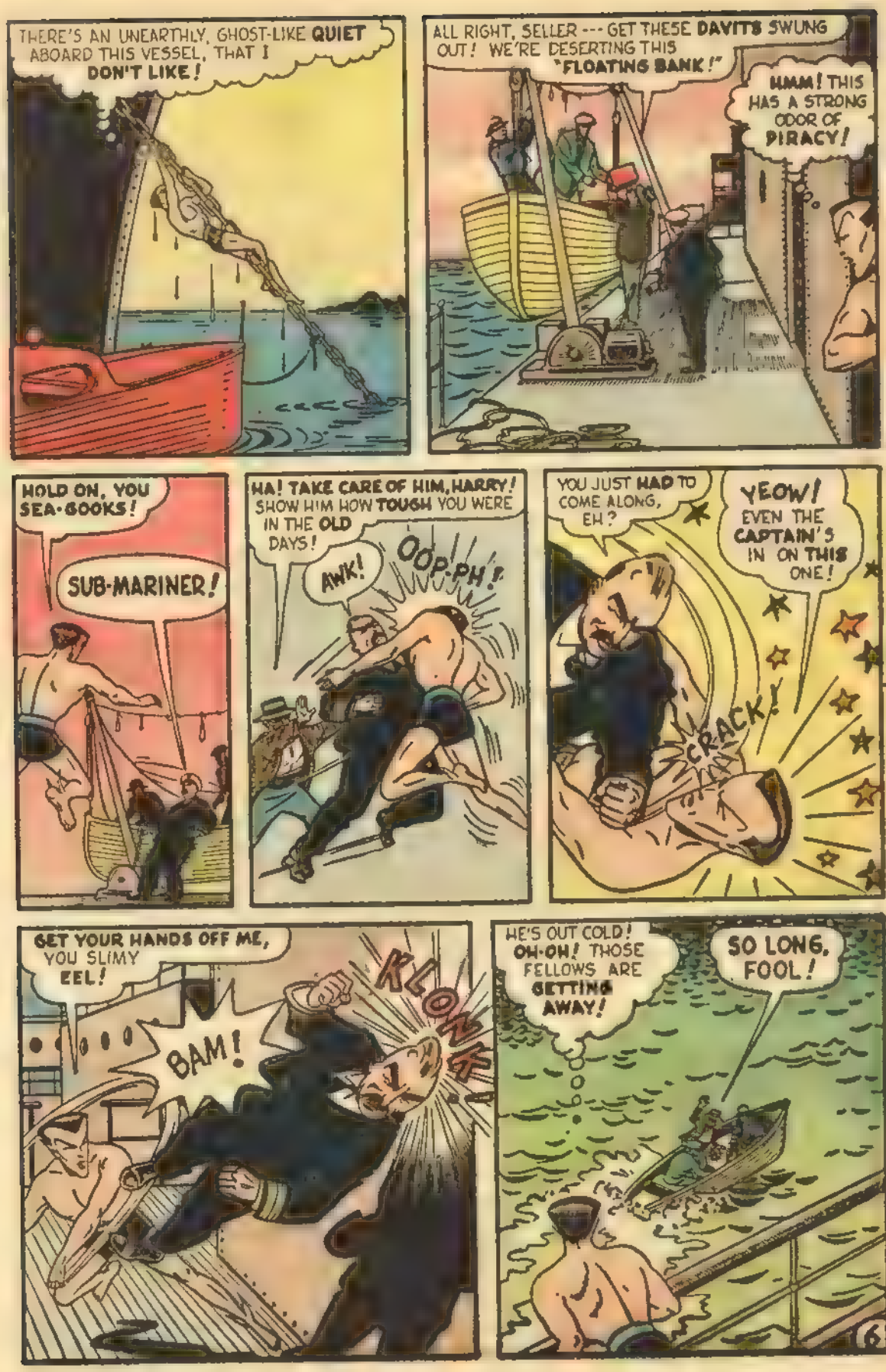
HO! LOOK AT THIS HAUL! MONEY — JEWELS! WE'RE RICH!

WE'LL GET AWAY IN ONE OF THE SMALL POWER-BOATS ··· HEAD FOR CUBA - THEN BRAZIL!

BUT, APPROACHING THE S.S HARBIN — THE SUB-MARINER JOCKEYS THE CONTROLS OF HIS POWERFUL CRUISER!

I SAID I'D MEET THEM IN MIAMI — AND WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME HERE! SAY! WHAT —?

THE HARBIN'S ANCHORED FAST — MILES FROM SHORE - AND NOT SHOWING ANY DISTRESS SIGNAL! SOMETHING'S FUNNY — I'M GOING TO BOARD HER!


THERE'S AN UNEARTHLY, GHOST-LIKE QUIET ABOARD THIS VESSEL, THAT I DON'T LIKE!
ALL RIGHT, SELLER --- GET THESE DAVITS SWUNG OUT! WE'RE DESERTING THIS "FLOATING BANK!"
HMM! THIS HAS A STRONG ODOR OF PIRACY!
HOLD ON, YOU SEA-GOOKS!
SUB-MARINER!
HA! TAKE CARE OF HIM, HARRY! SHOW HIM HOW TOUGH YOU WERE IN THE OLD DAYS!
AWK!
OOP-PH!
YOU JUST HAD TO COME ALONG, EH?
YEOW! EVEN THE CAPTAIN'S IN ON THIS ONE!
CRACK!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU SLIMY EEL!
BAM!
KLONK!
HE'S OUT COLD! OH-OH! THOSE FELLOWS ARE GETTING AWAY!
SO LONG, FOOL!
6

SUDDENLY···

NAMOR! NAMOR! WE'RE IN HERE!

SIZZLING SEAHORSES! IT'S **NAMORA**'S VOICE!

GROANNNN!

BETTY! NAMORA! WHAT——?

NICE OF YOU TO SURPRISE US **THIS** WAY, BOY!

SAVE THE CHATTER! HURRY UP AND GET US OUT OF THESE **ROPES!** I THINK OUR **PHONY CAPTAIN**'S COMING TO!

OHH-H!

A MOMENT LATER···

COME ON – **UP!**

OH-OH! THE **AMNESIA**'S WORKING AGAIN! **NOW** HE'S "**CAPTAIN FORREST!**"

WH-WHAT HAPPENED? THOSE MEN — HE **HIT** ME!

QUICKLY, BETTY RECOUNTS WHAT'S HAPPENED···

I THINK WE CAN **TRUST** THE "CAPTAIN" NOW··· GET THE SHIP UNDERWAY SIR! **COME ON, NAMORA** — THERE'S A **PIRATE-HUNT** ON!

RIGHT!

THE **MARINE DUO** DIVES OVER THE SIDE···

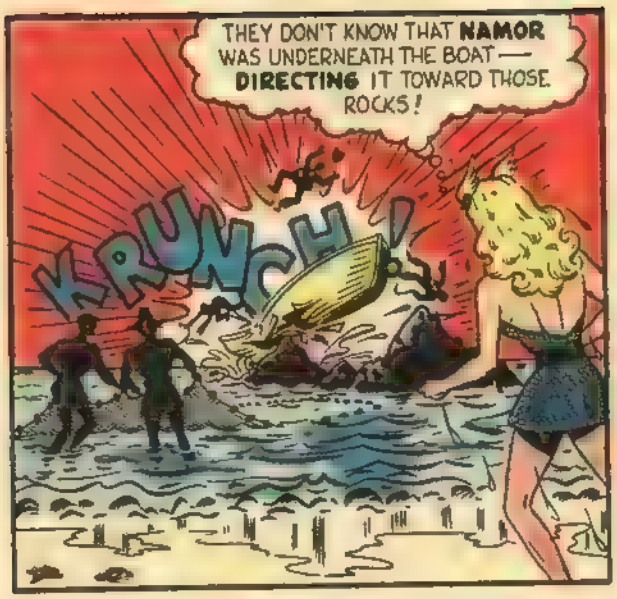
THE ROBBER'S BOAT HEADED WEST — TOWARD SHORE!

THERE'LL BE FISHERMEN ON THE BEACH! LOOK, NAMOR I'VE A PLAN! WHY DON'T YOU···

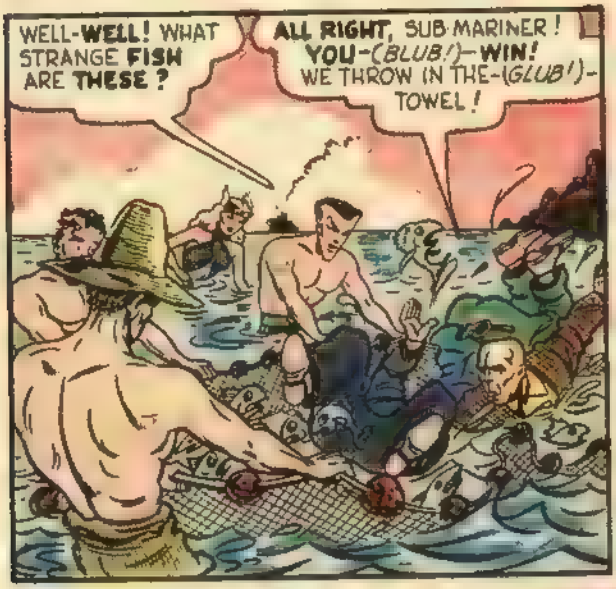
NAMOR AND NAMORA SEPARATE, AND TEN MINUTES LATER···

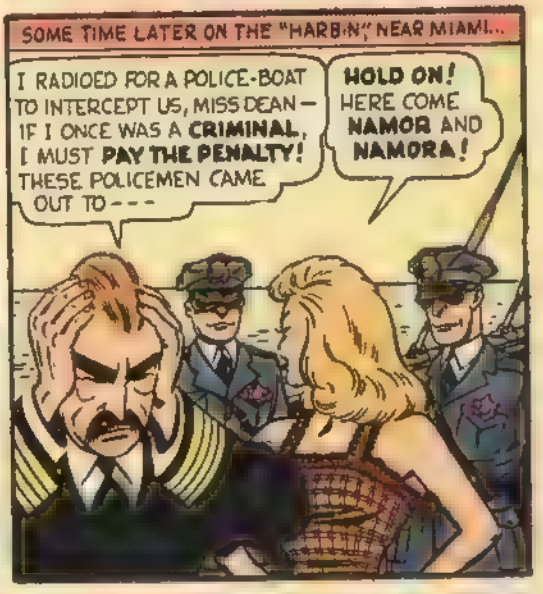
SOMETHING'S **WRONG** WITH THIS **STEERING GEAR!** THE BOAT DOESN'T **RESPOND!**

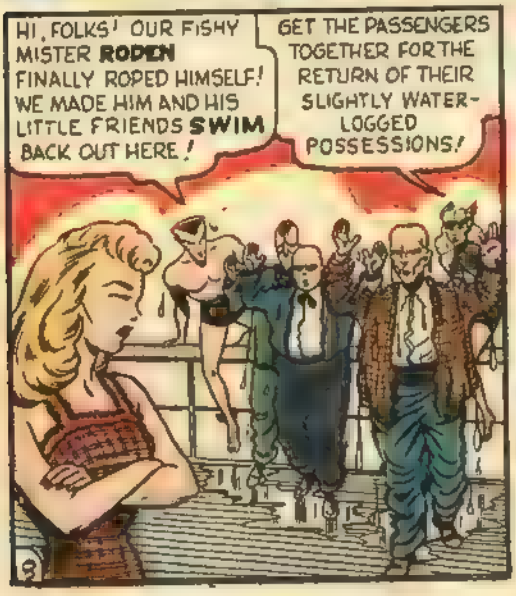
WATCH OUT! WE'RE GOING ON THE ROCKS!

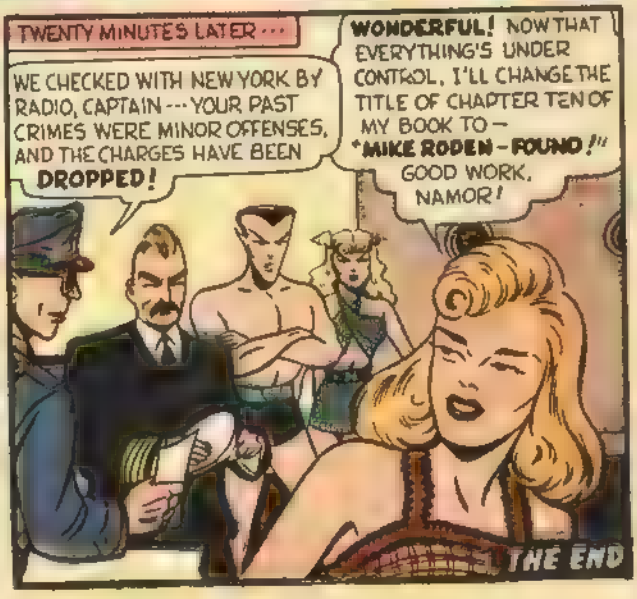

THEY DON'T KNOW THAT NAMOR WAS UNDERNEATH THE BOAT — DIRECTING IT TOWARD THOSE ROCKS!
KRUNCH!

OKAY, NAMORA! LET'S HELP THE FISHERMEN HAUL IN THEIR "CATCH!"
IT'S - IT'S SUB-MARINER!
AND IN A FEW MINUTES...


WELL-WELL! WHAT STRANGE FISH ARE THESE?
ALL RIGHT, SUB-MARINER! YOU-(BLUB!)-WIN! WE THROW IN THE-(GLUB!)-TOWEL!


SOME TIME LATER ON THE "HARB-N," NEAR MIAMI...
I RADIOED FOR A POLICE-BOAT TO INTERCEPT US, MISS DEAN — IF I ONCE WAS A CRIMINAL, I MUST PAY THE PENALTY! THESE POLICEMEN CAME OUT TO - - -
HOLD ON! HERE COME NAMOR AND NAMORA!


HI, FOLKS! OUR FISHY MISTER RODEN FINALLY ROPED HIMSELF! WE MADE HIM AND HIS LITTLE FRIENDS SWIM BACK OUT HERE!
GET THE PASSENGERS TOGETHER FOR THE RETURN OF THEIR SLIGHTLY WATER-LOGGED POSSESSIONS!
9


TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
WE CHECKED WITH NEW YORK BY RADIO, CAPTAIN --- YOUR PAST CRIMES WERE MINOR OFFENSES, AND THE CHARGES HAVE BEEN DROPPED!
WONDERFUL! NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, I'LL CHANGE THE TITLE OF CHAPTER TEN OF MY BOOK TO — "MIKE RODEN - FOUND!"
GOOD WORK, NAMOR!
THE END

VENUS

VENUS... WHEN I'M WITH YOU I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M WALKING ON AIR!

"THE STATUE THAT CAME TO LIFE!"

IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, THE PLANET VENUS SHINES BRIGHTLY ON HER SISTER PLANET, EARTH, WHERE THE GODDESS VENUS IS VISITING AS A MORTAL! HERE ON EARTH VENUS IS EDITOR OF "BEAUTY MAGAZINE", PUBLISHED BY WHITNEY HAMMOND!

WELL, VENUS... IT'S TWELVE O'CLOCK! LET'S HAVE LUNCHEON TOGETHER!

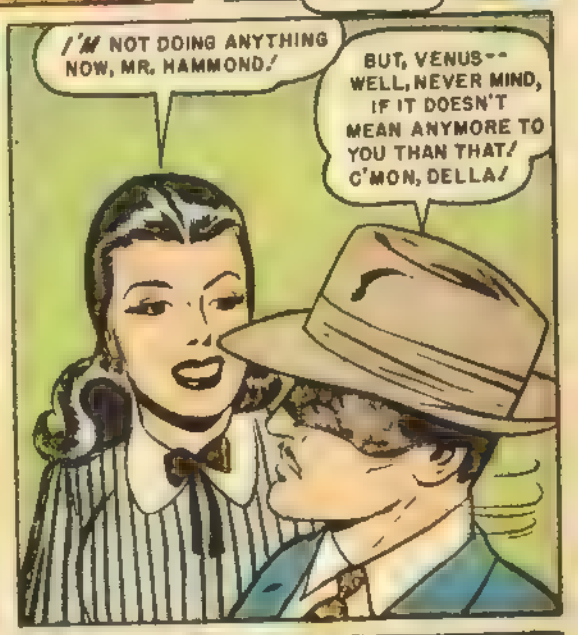
I'D *LOVE* TO, WHITNEY! I'LL GO GET MY COAT!

IN SOME WAYS--BEING A MORTAL, WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL POWERS, IS VERY TRYING! NOW IF I WERE ON VENUS AS GODDESS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY, I COULD COMMAND WHITNEY TO LOVE ME *ALL THE TIME*-- INSTEAD OF JUST WHEN HE *ISN'T INTERESTED* IN THE MAGAZINE!
(SOB!)

LUCY, IF YOU'RE GOING TO CRY OVER THAT MAN OF YOURS, DO IT AT HOME— IT *ANNOYS* ME!
BOO-HOO-HOO! DELLA, YOU HAVE NO SYMPATHY!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HER BOY-FRIEND STOOD HER UP AGAIN!
OH, VENUS, I'M SO UNHAPPY!
THERE, THERE, HONEY-- LET'S YOU AND I HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

ARE YOU READY, VENUS?
OH, WHITNEY, I'M SORRY, I'LL HAVE TO CANCEL THAT INVITATION!


I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING NOW, MR. HAMMOND!
BUT, VENUS-- WELL, NEVER MIND, IF IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYMORE TO YOU THAN THAT! C'MON, DELLA!

FIRST WE'LL HAVE LUNCH, AND THEN...
YES, YES, GO ON, MISTER HAMMOND!

OH, VENUS, I'M SO SORRY I SPOILED YOUR WHOLE DAY!
NEVER MIND, HONEY! COME GET YOUR HAT AND WE'LL HAVE LUNCH AND YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT THIS MAN OF YOURS!

AT A SMALL RESTAURANT NEAR THE OFFICES OF "BEAUTY MAGAZINE", LUCY POURS OUT A TROUBLED TALE TO VENUS.....

FRANK AND I WERE ENGAGED...FRANK FOSTER, YOU KNOW...THE ARTIST WHO DID SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "BEAUTY MAGAZINE"?

OH, YES! I REMEMBER SEEING HIS NAME ON THE "MALE VERSUS FEMALE" ILLUSTRATIONS!

MISTER HAMMOND ASKED FRANK TO DO THE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE "GODDESS JUNO" STORY! FRANK WENT TO THE MUSEUM TO SKETCH FROM THE STATUE OF JUNO AND... OH, VENUS, HE *FELL IN LOVE* WITH THAT *STATUE!* (SOB!)

HE-HE BROKE OUR ENGAGEMENT.. SAID NO MORTAL WOMAN COULD TAKE THE PLACE OF *JUNO* IN HIS HEART! OH, *WHAT WILL I DO?*

DON'T CRY, DEAR! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

JUST THEN, DICK DRAKE, THE ELEVATOR BOY IN THE "BEAUTY MAGAZINE" BUILDING, COMES TO THE TABLE...A TROUBLED LOOK ON HIS FACE...

GOSH, MISS VENUS...WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID LUCY HURT HERSELF?

NO DICK!

GO AWAY, DICK... *PLEASE!*

DICK, TAKE LUCY HOME! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT YOUR *PROBLEM*, LUCY!

OH, *THANK YOU*, VENUS!

M-MAYBE IF I TOOK YOU TO A *SHOW* OR SOMETHING, LUCY...

I'LL GO TO THE MUSEUM TO BEGIN WITH! I *MUST* HELP THAT POOR KID! HUM-M-M-MPH! IF THIS FRANK OF HERS KNEW WHAT JUNO'S *REALLY* LIKE, HE'D SOON CHANGE HIS TUNE!

LACYS

VENUS ENTERS THE MUSEUM AND SEES A FIGURE DEEP IN RHAPSODIC THOUGHT SEATED BEFORE THE STATUE OF JUNO!

JUNO

AH, JUNO, THOU LOVELY WOMAN! THOU PARAGON OF VIRTUES!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
I HAVE IT! THE ONLY SOLUTION! I'LL GO BACK TO VENUS AND BRING JUNO DOWN TO EARTH! WHEN FRANK SEES WHAT SHE'S REALLY LIKE, HE'LL SOON GO BACK TO LUCY!
I WISH TO GO BACK TO THE PLANET VENUS! I WISH ONCE MORE TO BE SUPREME GODDESS OF ALL! I WISH TO JOURNEY BACK TO MOUNT OLYMPUS, CASTLE OF THE GODS!
AN AWESOME WIND RUSHES THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE MUSEUM AND VENUS, THE WOMAN, DISAPPEARS FROM EARTH, AS VENUS, THE GODDESS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY, FLOATS THROUGH COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS BACK—BACK TO HER HOME ON MOUNT OLYMPUS!
ON MOUNT OLYMPUS, VENUS FINDS THE GODS AND GODDESSES IN AN UPROAR!
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS UNSEEMLY NOISE, APOLLO?
AH! YOUR LOVELINESS, YOU HAVE RETURNED NONE TOO SOON! JUNO HAS BEEN ACCUSING ALL THE GODDESSES OF CASTING EYES OF LOVE AT THE GODS WHO SHE THINKS ADORE HER!
INSIDE THE GATES OF THE CASTLE OF THE GODS IN THE COURTYARD OF PLEASURE AND SONG...
I'LL SHOW YOU, LEDA! CAST SHEEPS EYES AT JUPITER, WILL YOU?
PEACE, JUNO! I DIDN'T...
STOP! JUNO! STOP THIS AT ONCE!

BUT, YOUR LOVELINESS! SHE...

SILENCE! THE REST OF YOU *DISPERSE!* GO BACK TO YOUR WORK AND YOUR PLAY!

NOW, JUNO! I SHOULD PUNISH YOU! YOUR JEALOUSY AND TANTRUMS HAVE CAUSED MORE TROUBLE THAN THE VAGARIES OF ALL THE OTHER GODS AND GODDESSES PUT TOGETHER!

FOR PUNISHMENT, I AM GOING TO BANISH YOU TO EARTH, TAKE AWAY YOUR POWERS, AND MAKE YOU BUT A *MORTAL WOMAN!* TAKE MY HAND... WE WILL JOURNEY BACK *TOGETHER!*

I CAN NOT BUT OBEY YOUR COMMAND, SUPREME ONE!

DOWN TO EARTH, PAST [illegible] JUNO... LIKE LOVELY COMETS...

...TO MATERIALIZE IN THE MUSEUM'S ROOM OF MYTHOLOGY FROM WHICH VENUS BEGAN HER JOURNEY JUST A SPLIT SECOND (EARTH-TIME) BEFORE!

OUR JOURNEY IS ENDED, JUNO! NOW YOU ARE AN EARTHLING... *NO LONGER A GODDESS!*

LOOK! A STATUE OF *ME!* AH, HOW *BEAUTIFUL* I AM!

MOVE CLOSER, JUNO! BASK IN YOUR *OWN LOVELINESS!*

AS JUNO GAZES IN ADMIRATION AT HER STONE SELF, FRANK SEES HER...
CAN IT BE? JUNO! JUNO COME TO LIFE! ARE—ARE YOU JUNO?
OF COURSE, I'M JUNO!
OH, BEAUTIFUL JUNO, I LAY MY HEART AT YOUR FEET! ONLY WISH, AND I SHALL MAKE YOUR WISH A REALITY!
THE EARTH IS NO DIFFERENT FROM VENUS! ALL MEN, GODS OR HUMAN, LOVE ME!
I'M HUNGRY! THIS BUSINESS OF BEING A MORTAL MAKES STRANGE APPETITES ARISE!
COME! I KNOW OF A LOVELY LITTLE RESTAURANT! ER... JUNO... MY NAME IS FRANK FOSTER!
FIRST, WE SHALL EAT, FRANK.. THEN YOU WILL TAKE ME WHERE THERE IS SONG, LAUGHTER, AND MEN! LEAD ON...
FOLLOWED AT A DISCREET DISTANCE BY VENUS, JUNO AND FRANK ENTER THE EATING PLACE...
BUT, JUNO, I JUST WANT TO GET SOME CIGARETTES!
DON'T TRY TO PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES, FRANK FOSTER! I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT THAT GIRL!
MISS, WE'LL HAVE SOME...
?!
FRANK! DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK TO THIS...THIS WOMAN!
SMACK!
GEE, LADY, THE POOR GUY WAS ONLY...
HOW DARE YOU? FIRST YOU TRY TO LURE FRANK AWAY FROM ME, AND THEN YOU DARE TO ADDRESS ME.. ME...JUNO! TAKE THAT!
SMACK!
OKAY, HONEY, IF YOU WANT TO PLAY IT ROUGH...
6

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE ?

BY ZEUS, I'LL...

PLEASE, JUNO... BE *CALM!*

YOU TWO HAD BETTER BE ON YOUR WAY AND *NOT* COME BACK!

FRANK... LOOK HOW CLOSE THIS MAN IS HOLDING ME! *ATTACK* HIM!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, FRANK?

OH! *MR. HAMMOND!* NO TROUBLE! THIS IS MISS...

JUNO... JUNO IS THE NAME, MISTER HAMMOND... YOU ARE A *VERY* HANDSOME *MAN!*

WELL... ER... I MUST GET BACK TO THE OFFICE, MISS... ER...

I KNOW... YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU! YOU CAN'T BEAR TO HAVE ME OUT OF YOUR SIGHT!

WHY... ER...

OH HOW I HATE TO SEE A WOMAN THROW HERSELF AT A MAN!

WELL, SHE REALLY DROPPED *YOU* FAST, YOUNG FELLA!

AND I'VE NEVER BEEN SO GLAD TO BE DROPPED IN ALL MY LIFE! GOSH, TO THINK I FELL IN LOVE WITH...

HOLY SMOKES! *LUCY!* I MUST GET TO *LUCY!*

I MUST GET AFTER *JUNO!*

AND I MUST GET A VACATION! EVERYBODY ACTS CRAZY! JUST THE OTHER DAY I THOUGHT I SAW THAT BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN VANISH BEFORE MY EYES! YEP! I *NEED* A *VACATION!*

THERE THEY ARE! JUNO! JUNO! COME HERE... I COMMAND YOU!
JUNO HEARS... AND OBEYS!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, YOU HANDSOME THING! SOMEONE IS CALLING ME!
?
IF YOU NEVER CAME BACK, IT WOULD BE A MONTH TOO SOON!
JUNO... YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE ON EARTH! GO THOU BACK TO VENUS AND BEHAVE!
BUT I WAS JUST GETTING TO...
GO BACK, JUNO... BACK TO VENUS AND THE CASTLE OF THE GODS!
SO JUNO FADES FROM VIEW, LEAVING THE EARTH FOREVER!
I MUST GET BACK TO THE OFFICE AND GET WHITNEY OUT OF DELLA'S CLUTCHES! SHE'S ALMOST AS BAD AS JUNO! ANYWAY... THAT SOLVES LUCY'S PROBLEM!
I COULD HAVE SWORN THERE WERE TWO... OOOH-H-H! I'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT VACATION RIGHT NOW!
HAVE YOU SEEN LUCY? I... SAY... WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE? WHY... YOU'RE AS BEAUTIFUL AS A GODDESS!
BUT—BUT, LUCY...
NOW THAT I'VE SEEN YOU, HOW CAN I THINK OF LUCY? FORGET LUCY!
YOU CERTAINLY FORGET HER RAPIDLY AND OFTEN! NOW TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
8

FIRST YOU SIC THAT *FEMALE PYTHON* ON ME, AND THEN YOU MAKE A PASS AT MY GIRL...ER... *EDITOR! GET OUT* AND *STAY OUT!*

OH, MISTER HAMMOND... *DON'T HURT* THAT *HANDSOME BOY!*

OH! *POOR LUCY...* ALL MY EFFORTS HAVE GONE FOR *NOTHING!*

VENUS! *WAIT!*

LUCY...HE'S NOT WORTH IT! HE'S JUST A WOLF! *PLEASE* DON'T CRY OVER HIM!

I'M NOT! I'M CRYING FOR *JOY!* I'VE JUST BECOME ENGAGED TO *DICK!*

GEE! THANKS, MISS VENUS... FOR BRINGING US TOGETHER! I'VE BEEN CRAZY ABOUT LUCY EVER SINCE I FIRST SAW HER! WHEN SHE WAS IN MY ELEVATOR, MY HEART WENT UP AND DOWN FASTER THAN THE CAGE!

SO *THAT'S* WHY YOU BROKE OUR LUNCHEON DATE.. TO HELP THESE TWO LOVEBIRDS! I *INSIST* YOU HAVE COCKTAILS WITH ME NOW... AND THEN.. WELL, WE'LL SEE...

OH, WHIT, I'D *LOVE* TO!

DRAT IT! I MUST GO BACK AND BREAK MY DATE WITH DELLA!

DON'T BOTHER! THERE'S DELLA WITH *FRANK FOSTER!* NO TWO PEOPLE WERE *EVER MORE DESERVING* OF *EACH OTHER!*

PERHAPS SOME DAY I SHALL DESERVE *YOU,* VENUS, YOU BEAUTIFUL GODDESS OF LOVE!

NO, NOT VENUS, THE GODDESS OF LOVE, WHITNEY... MERELY VENUS, THE *WOMAN...* MEANT FOR LOVE!

THE END

MAN TRAP

THE killer sat in a chair tilted against the wall, wiping the ugly barrel of the rifle with an oily rag. Without turning his head, his intense, dark eyes seemed to follow Smoky Joe everywhere about the room. All morning he'd sat there, never moving, never talking, almost as though he, and not the old Indian, owned the cabin.

Smoky knew that the little man had planned to kill him from the moment he stepped into the shack, but his face had never lost the passive acceptance of death that was part of his nature. Smoky wasn't afraid of dying, for he had lived a long, useful life, trapping and fishing here in the mountains and enjoying all the years that were almost entirely filled with cold, ice and snow.

It made him angry to think that this little man, wanted in the city many miles away for other killings, could be eating his food and sleeping in his bed while dreaming evil thoughts of future murders. But Smoky smiled while he cooked the dinner, for he knew he still had three days to live. The storm outside would last for just three days more. Smoky knew the signs, and he wouldn't be killed until then.

The man said, "What you got to eat?"

"Fish. Always fish now while it snow. Maybe when it stop, I go get some rabbit."

The Indian went to the end of the room and opened the door to the lean-to. He pulled a box of frozen fish into the room and lay them behind the stove to thaw out. From a pile beside the door he selected well-dried pieces of split oak and fed them to the fire, making the chimney pipe turn a cherry red.

Yes, there were many things to be done in three days.

Supper was eaten in silence, but many words were in the killer's eyes. Smoky read the signs carefully and knew the man had finished his plot. It was all decided now—just how he'd die.

Mac, the ranger, had told him about this man. Four weeks ago he'd disappeared into the hills, and though a hundred men had hunted for him, never was a single footprint found. He was very smart for a city man. Smoky knew where he was bound—up across the border into Canada where he'd stay until the search quieted down.

The killer's eyes met his, and the man grinned a little, forcing his smile. He grinned because he thought Smoky took him as just another hunter lost in the mountains, sweating out a storm in an Indian shack. What else could the old guy think? Wasn't he stuck here three hundred miles from the nearest town? Whom did he ever see—maybe another Indian? And what could they know? Nothing—not a thing at all.

But Blackie Brady, the killer, wasn't taking any chances. So far he'd made his way across two mountain ranges without being spotted, and even if this Indian didn't know him from Adam, when he left this shack, he wasn't going to leave anyone behind to identify him to any prowling cop.

It would be easy, too. He'd fake being sick when this storm stopped and send the Indian across the river to pick up his pack containing the "medicine," where he'd cached it in a tree. As the Indian was crossing the river, he'd pick him off with his rifle, and in a week or so when the ice went out, the turbulent current of the river would carry the evidence a thousand miles away. It would save him the trouble of carrying a dead Indian half a mile to the river. Smoky would walk to his death.

The Indian's voice startled him. "Door shake bad in wind. Me fix soon before fall in." Blackie looked and saw the heavy planking rattle in the gusts, letting the sleet come in under the sill.

Smoky got up and pounded it in place with a piece of wood, grunting that it would hold until morning. Without another word he spread his blanket out on the floor and lay down. Almost immediately he was asleep, but it wasn't that easy for Blackie. His thoughts and the noises from outside kept him awake until midnight, and even when his eyes did close, his hand rested on the butt of his gun.

Dawn came bleak and cheerless with the wind whistling stronger than ever. A fine layer of sleet had sifted in under the door. Blackie wrinkled his nose

at the strong odor of fish, then pointed to the box and barked, "Do you have to keep them by the fire? They're smelling the joint up!"

"Must do," Smoky nodded. "Must keep warm so get oil for lamps soon. You see." They ate hungrily; then Blackie resumed his position in the chair while Smoky found a hammer and began working on the door. While he worked, he smiled, for the sounds that penetrated the storm, of the mountains and its creatures, were good sounds that he had loved all his life.

Blackie watched him carefully as he braced the door with a chair to keep it from falling in while he removed the hinges. The screw holes had rotted out so Smoky carved some pegs to fill them in, then began replacing the hinges. He grunted as he ran into some trouble getting them back on, but after an hour's effort the door stood firm and unyielding.

The sun came out the third day. Sunlight streamed through the tiny window in the wall. Blackie awoke gagging from the smell of the fish going bad by the fire. The foul odor made it easy for him to play sick. He called Smoky over and told him that there was a fire in his stomach, that the only medicine that would cure it was in his pack, wedged in the limbs of an oak tree across the river.

Smoky knew then that his time had come. He placed a bucket of water where the man could reach it and pulled on his coat to go for the pack—and to fall into the trap. His hand was steady as he reached for the knob and pulled the door open. After he'd stepped out, Blackie slipped out of bed and picked up his rifle from the corner, loading it with shells from his pocket. He looked out the window and saw the Indian on the path. He had to stay inside to do the job, firing through the glass. To go outside might mean being spotted, and Indians could move fast. He sat down and tried to hold his breath against the smell of the fish.

At first he thought the noise he heard was the Indian coming back, but it wasn't . . .

From the edge of the ice-bound river where he was supposed to die, Smoky Joe heard the scream—then another and a shot. The scream rose sharply—and was cut off. Smoky didn't bother going back to the cabin. There were rabbit tracks heading toward the trees, and he was hungry.

MacDermott, the ranger, came by a week later. He met Smoky in a lean-to by the river and asked him if he had seen signs of a white man. "He die in cabin," Smoky told him.

The ranger's eyes widened in surprise, and he made Smoky take him to the shack. Blackie was dead all right, and so was a bear! They had killed each other. Mac was wise in the ways of the Indians so he asked Smoky what happened.

Smoky shrugged disdainfully. "Me make fish smell bad, then fix door to open in, not out. Bear—him like bad fish, him come in morning to find meal. Easy to get in shack, but when door not open out, bad man and bear can't leave. Then kill each other. No good to have door open in on shack."

Mac shook his head wonderingly at the Indian's wisdom. "You'll get a reward for this," he said.

Smoky grinned. "Better to have much bear meat to eat," he told the ranger.

THE END SL—3373

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of Marvel Mystery Comics published Bi-monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Marvel Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership management and if a daily weekly semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation) etc of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form to wit

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher editor managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Marvel Comics Inc 350 5th Avenue, New York 1 N Y Editor Stan Lee 350 5th Avenue New York 1 N Y Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N Y

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON

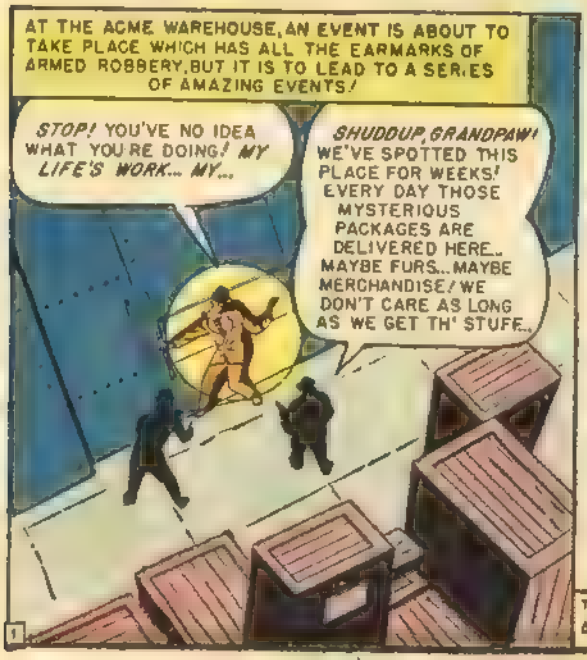
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948.

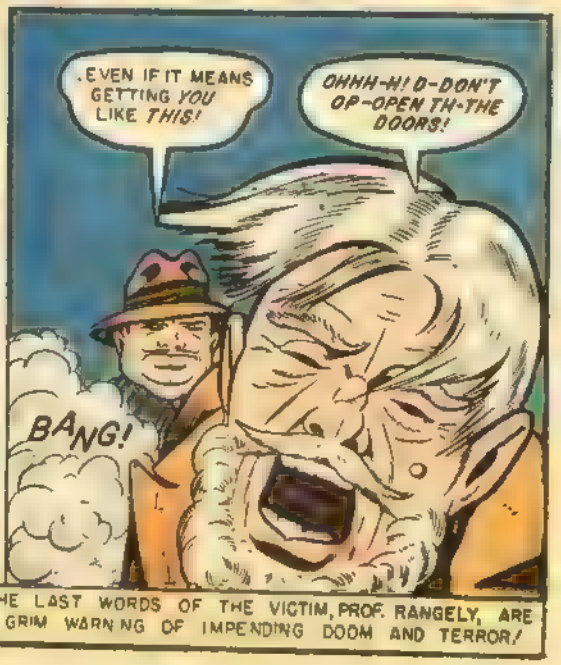
(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

CAPTAIN AMERICA

WHERE DID THIS MONSTROUS TERROR OF THE PAST COME FROM? HOW CAN *CAPTAIN AMERICA* AND *GOLDEN GIRL* HOPE TO BATTLE THIS HORROR FROM THE DAWN OF TIME? SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THIS GIANT FROM THE SLIME OF CREATION IS LET LOOSE IN A MODERN METROPOLIS!

3763


AT THE ACME WAREHOUSE, AN EVENT IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE WHICH HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF ARMED ROBBERY, BUT IT IS TO LEAD TO A SERIES OF AMAZING EVENTS!
STOP! YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DOING! MY LIFE'S WORK... MY...
SHUDDUP, GRANDPAW! WE'VE SPOTTED THIS PLACE FOR WEEKS! EVERY DAY THOSE MYSTERIOUS PACKAGES ARE DELIVERED HERE.. MAYBE FURS... MAYBE MERCHANDISE! WE DON'T CARE AS LONG AS WE GET TH' STUFF..
1



THE LAST WORDS OF THE VICTIM, PROF. RANGELY, ARE A GRIM WARNING OF IMPENDING DOOM AND TERROR!

HURRY, JOE! GET THIS DOOR ROLLED OPEN/ WE'LL LOAD THOSE PACKAGES ON THE TRUCK AND VAMOOSE/

YEAH/ I WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE 'EM?

S-SPIKE LOOK!

SO THE DOOR IS OPENED/ BUT TO SPARE YOU THE SIGHT THAT MEETS THEIR EYES ON THIS, THEIR LAST MOMENT ON EARTH, WE ARE FORCED TO DRAW THE CURTAIN ON THIS SCENE/

IT IS EXACTLY THREE MINUTES LATER AT BETSY ROSS' APARTMENT WHERE STEVE ROGERS' PLANS FOR THE EVENING ARE SNAGGED, WHEN

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, WOMAN? TWO COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS TO THE PREVIEW OF "FALSE ALARM" AND YOU'RE TOO TIRED TO GO/

SORRY, STEVE/ I HAVE A BETTER IDEA/ CRASH YOUR CARCASS INTO THIS CHAIR/

HERE WE ARE... NO FUSS, NO CROWDS, AND WE'RE THERE/

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN/ THIS IS DON ROVER, YOUR NIGHT REPORTER, WITH AN ON-THE-SPOT COVERAGE OF THE SPECTACULAR GRAND PREVIEW SHOWING...

OF "FALSE ALARM"/ AH/ HERE COMES MAGGIE LA FABLE NOW...

AH-H/ MAGGIE LA FABLE/ AND TO THINK I COULD BE SEEING HER IN PERSON/

ESCORTED BY THE FABULOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA, STEVE? HA! HA!

JUST FOR THAT CRACK, WE'RE GOING/

AW, STEVE... WAIT/

WITH JACK FARGE, HER PRODUCER, AND...

GOOD HEAVENS! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A CROWD OF HYSTERICAL PEOPLE ARE RUNNING THIS WAY, SCREAMING.. AND... AND FOLLOWED BY A MOST INCREDIBLE...

WOW/ WHAT THEY WON'T DO FOR PUBLICITY/

THIS IS IT/ INCREDIBLE? THAT WORD IS TOO MILD TO DESCRIBE WHAT THE ANNOUNCER SEES/

AHHHH! -R-ROWKKK!

THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE TROUBLE THAN PUBLICITY/

YOU BET/ WELL, G A, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

THE TERRIFIC TWOSOME SPARE NO MOMENTS IN GETTING TO THE TIMES SQUARE AREA WHERE THE PANIC HAS REACHED A CRESCENDO!
WHO KNOWS WHAT'S WAITING FOR US AROUND THIS CORNER?
FROM THE SOUND OF THE ROAR, IT ISN'T ANYTHING HUMAN!
CONTINUOUS DANCING
RROWKK!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND GOLDEN GIRL! THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE COME
IT'S A WINNER!
WHY, CAP... IT'S UTTERLY PREPOSTEROUS! YET... OH! LOOK!
LOOMING HIGH ABOVE THE STREET, IS THE MOST MONSTROUS SIGHT EVER SEEN BY THE EYES OF MAN!
GREAT SCOTT, C.A., WHAT IS IT?
MARQUEE THEATRE MAGGIE LA FABLE "FALSE ALARM"
OH-H!
A TYRANNOSAURUS! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! BUT HOW IN THUNDER DID ONE GET HERE? HOW? HOW?
IN THE PATH OF THE BEAST IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN... TOO FRIGHTENED TO MOVE!
NO TIME FOR DEDUCTIONS AT THE MOMENT!
HELP!
WOW! ANOTHER SECOND, MISS, AND YOUR SABLES WOULD'VE BEEN SHREDDED!
OH-H-H!
KRUNCH!
OH, CAPTAIN AMERICA . YOU WERE WONDERFUL!
WHOO! IT'S MAGGIE LA FABLE!
SMA CK!
YOU'VE BEEN REWARDED ENOUGH, CAP! NOW HOW DO WE TACKLE THAT PROBLEM?
HM-M... TYRANNOSAURS IS CURIOUS ABOUT THOSE ELECTRIC LIGHTS UNDER THE THEATRE MARQUEE!
FALSE ALARM
WITH HEAVY, PONDEROUS MOVEMENTS, THE GREAT BEAST LURCHES TOWARD THE THEATER LIGHTS...
3

HURRY AWAY FROM HERE! HE'S PULLING THAT MARQUEE APART!

...AND CRASHES THUNDEROUSLY INTO THE STEEL-ENFORCED MARQUEE!

WITH A TRIUMPHANT ROAR, TYRANNOSAURUS SNAPS HIS HEAD ERECT! THE HUGE MARQUEE BREAKS FROM ITS ANCHORAGE AS THE MONSTER'S HEAD CRASHES THROUGH THE METAL!

I GUESS THAT ENDS THE PREVIEW SHOWING FOR GOOD!

THAT ARC LIGHT... HMM ..

MAYBE OLD TYRANNO HATES BRIGHT LIGHTS, AND THIS S ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST HANDY!

SWIFTLY, CAP LEAPS TO THE TRUCK AND THE ARC LIGHT, TRYING EVERY DESPERATE CHANCE TO HALT THE BEAST OF HORROR IN ITS MISSION OF DESTRUCTION!

TOO BRIGHT FOR YOU, EH? JUST AS I HOPED!

R-R-RWOKK!

THE TYRANNOSAURUS REX ROARS IN ANGER... LOWERS HIS HEAD

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GETTING READY TO CHARGE ME!

R-R-WOK!

THEN JERKS UP SUDDENLY! THE SIGN GOES FLYING UP AND OFF ITS HEAD!

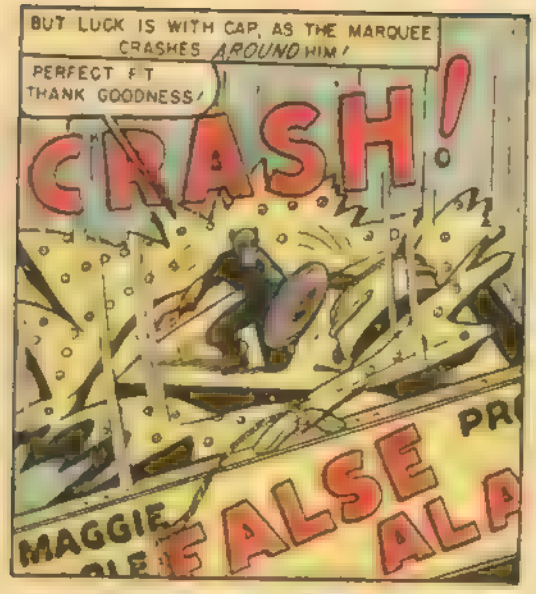
ALARM

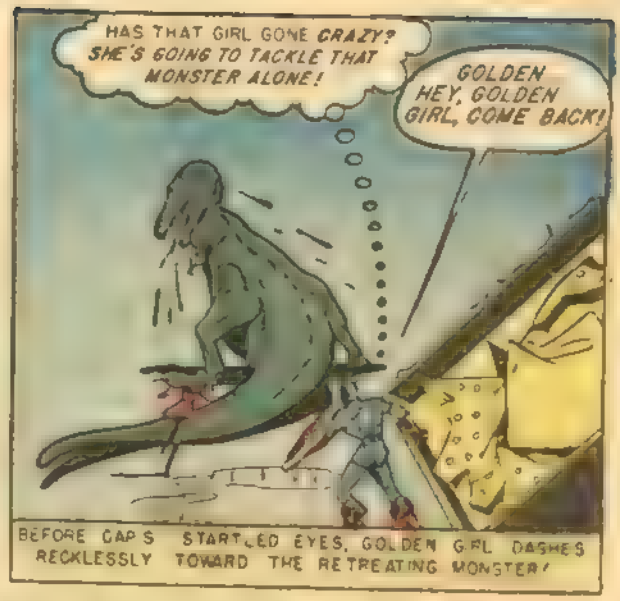
HE'S GETTING RID OF HIS IRON NECKLACE!

FALSE ALARM

IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO BE THE NEXT WEARER!

CAP IS RIGHT! THE MARQUEE COMES CRASHING STRAIGHT AT HIM... TOO FAST TO BE DODGED!

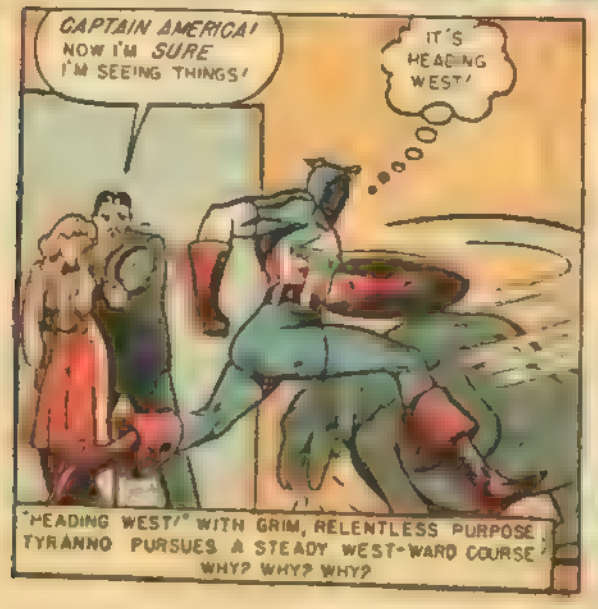

BUT LUCK IS WITH CAP, AS THE MARQUEE CRASHES AROUND HIM!
PERFECT FIT THANK GOODNESS!
CRASH!
MAGGIE
FALSE ALA

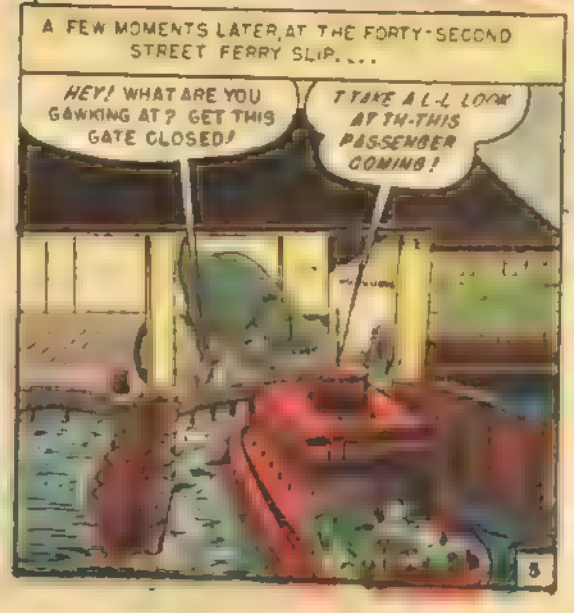

HAS THAT GIRL GONE CRAZY? SHE'S GOING TO TACKLE THAT MONSTER ALONE!
GOLDEN HEY, GOLDEN GIRL, COME BACK!
BEFORE CAP'S STARTLED EYES, GOLDEN GIRL DASHES RECKLESSLY TOWARD THE RETREATING MONSTER!

PERHAPS IF I CAN GET UP AROUND ITS HEAD, I MAY BE ABLE TO CONTROL IT!
SHE LEAPS UP ON TYRANNO'S HUGE BACK, READY TO GIVE HER LIFE TO HALT HIM!

WHILE UP THE STREET, SEVERAL THEATRE-GOERS, UNAWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED, COME OUT OF A THEATRE!
HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SHOW, SUE?
SIMPLY RIDICULOUS! I DON'T BELIEVE SUCH ANIMALS EVER EXISTED!
N.B.C.
NOW SHOWING
6 MILLION B.C.
STARRING

SUDDENLY . .
HIS HIDE'S SO THICK HE CAN'T FEEL ME!
NO! NO! HENRY! IT'S ALIVE! IT'S REAL!


CAPTAIN AMERICA! NOW I'M SURE I'M SEEING THINGS!
IT'S HEADING WEST!
"HEADING WEST!" WITH GRIM, RELENTLESS PURPOSE TYRANNO PURSUES A STEADY WEST-WARD COURSE! WHY? WHY? WHY?


A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AT THE FORTY-SECOND STREET FERRY SLIP. . . .
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU GAWKING AT? GET THIS GATE CLOSED!
I TAKE A L-L LOOK AT TH-THIS PASSENGER COMING!

HELP! I SEE IT... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

FOR ONE AWFUL MOMENT, THE BEAST STOPS IN IT'S TRACKS! THEN...

...A GIGANTIC LEAP CATAPULTS THE TYRANNOSAURUS TOWARD THE DEPARTING FERRY!

GREAT SCOTT! HE'LL CAPSIZE THE FERRY!

RWWOKK!

R-R

NO! NO!

LOOK OUT!

THE PONDEROUS BULK OF THE PRE-HISTORIC REPTILE CRASHES ONTO THE AFT PART OF THE FERRY BOAT! DISASTER RESULTS!

OH-HHH!

RRWOKKKK!

EEEH!

HELP!

THOSE POOR PEOPLE TRAPPED IN THEIR CARS... I'D BETTER SAVE AS MANY AS I CAN!

GOLDEN GIRL HEROICALLY AIDS THOSE STRUGGLING NEARBY....

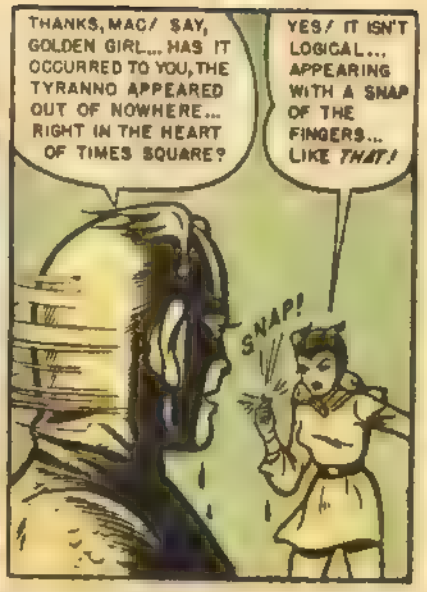
SHE'S THE LAST ONE! THE OTHERS ARE ALL RIGHT!

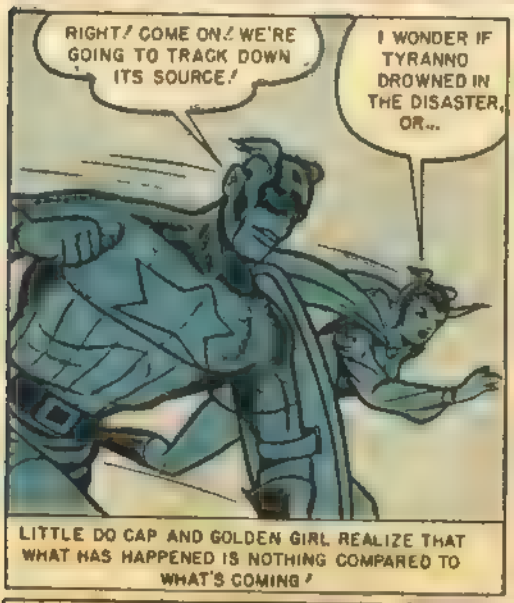
WAIT! HERE COMES SOMEONE!

CAP!

I WAS RIGHT BEHIND TYRANNO, WHEN HE MADE THAT FATAL LEAP!

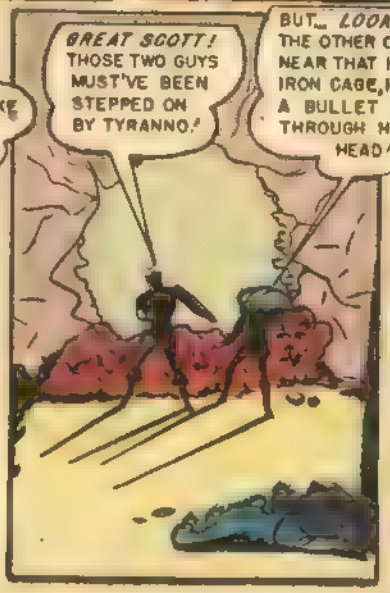
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON SHORE...
ABOUT TWO HUNDRED WERE PULLED OUT! BUT THE BEAST! WHERE IS HE? HE VANISHED COMPLETELY!
HERE'S THE SHIELD YOU DROPPED BEFORE YOU LEAPED INTO THE WATER, CAPTAIN AMERICA! GOOD WORK!
STAY IN LINE
HOW COULD A MONSTER THAT SIZE, DISAPPEAR?


THANKS, MAC! SAY, GOLDEN GIRL... HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU, THE TYRANNO APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE... RIGHT IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE?
YES! IT ISN'T LOGICAL... APPEARING WITH A SNAP OF THE FINGERS... LIKE THAT!
SNAP!


RIGHT! COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO TRACK DOWN ITS SOURCE!
I WONDER IF TYRANNO DROWNED IN THE DISASTER, OR...
LITTLE DO CAP AND GOLDEN GIRL REALIZE THAT WHAT HAS HAPPENED IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT'S COMING!

MINUTES LATER, IN FRONT OF THE WRECKED THEATRE...
YEAH, CAPTAIN AMERICA... IT WAS FIRST SPOTTED LASHING AROUND WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEAR THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT!
THANKS, PAL! LET'S GO, GOLDEN GIRL!
HARM

GOING TO THE WAREHOUSE WHERE OUR STORY OPENED, THEY MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY!
THAT'S IT, G.A.! LOOK AT THE WAY THOSE BRICKS WERE TORN LOOSE FROM THAT WAREHOUSE!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE!


GREAT SCOTT! THOSE TWO GUYS MUST'VE BEEN STEPPED ON BY TYRANNO!
BUT... LOOK! THE OTHER ONE, NEAR THAT HUGE IRON CAGE, HAS A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD!

HOW DID HE GET HERE? WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
CAPTAIN AMERICA! LOOK AT WHAT'S IN THESE BOXES!

USED TO FEED SOMETHING!

LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE EVIDENCE PILES UP LEADING TO AN AMAZING CONCLUSION!

THE ONE WHO WAS SHOT DIDN'T DIE INSTANTLY, CAP! HE MADE ANOTHER ENTRY INTO HIS DIARY BEFORE HE DIED!

HUH? LET ME SEE THAT!

WOW! HE WAS PROFESSOR RANGELY, RETIRED ARCHEOLOGIST! LET'S SEE, "AUGUST 10, 1938 .. CATACLYSMIC DISCOVERY! FOUND TYRANNOSAURUS EGG INTACT AT SHOELEE TAR PIT, UTAH! AUGUST 15...CHARTERED PLANE! FLYING EGG TO N Y C! WILL KEEP DISCOVERY SECRET..."

AND LISTEN TO *THIS*.. "DECEMBER 25 WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT! EGG ARTIFICIALLY HATCHED IN INCUBATER! PERFECT LIVE SPECIMAN OF TYRANNOSAURUS! WILL PRESENT IT TO WORLD ON TENTH BIRTHDAY!"

THAT EXPLAINS THE ORIGIN OF TYRANNO! BUT THE SHOOTING OF THAT MAN?

ALL WE CAN DO IS THEORIZE! IT'S MY GUESS, THOSE OTHER TWO THOUGHT THE PROFESSOR WAS HIDING SOMETHING OF VALUE, AND THEY PROCEEDED TO ROB HIM, NOT KNOWING OF *TYRANNO!*

YOU COULD BE RIGHT! AND UNWITTINGLY, THEY RELEASED HIM!

YEAH! *I SAY HEAR THAT?*

-R-ROWKKK!

SUDDENLY, A SAVAGE, FAMILIAR ROAR STRIKES THEIR EARS!

HE DIDN'T DROWN!

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE WAY .. BEHIND THOSE CRATES OF MEAT!

TYRANNO! HE'S BACK BACK IN HIS HOME!

THE MONSTROUS REPTILE STOPS BEFORE THE CRATES, AND...
OHHH!
HMMM... LOOKS LIKE TYRANNO CAME BACK FOR HIS BREAKFAST OF HORSEMEAT!
SUDDENLY, THE ROAR OF AN ARTILLERY GUN THUNDERS...
BLAM!
IT'S ABOUT TIME THE ARMY TOOK OVER!
WITH A SWISH OF HIS GIGANTIC TAIL, TYRANNO SENDS THE TANK FLYING!
CRASH!
YEOW! HE FLIPPED US LIKE A PEANUT!
HE'S HAD ENOUGH BREAKFAST! LOOK AT THAT SPEED!
WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH HIM NOW! HE SEEMS FRIGHTENED FROM THAT GUN BLAST!
IN THE EXCITEMENT, WE FORGOT TO READ THE LAST ENTRY IN THE DIARY!
THAT'S RIGHT!
IT'S VERY SHAKY. "THE FOOLS RELEASED HIM! HE'LL HEAD FOR UTAH... I KNOW! " SAY... MAYBE TYRANNO WAS HEADING FOR UTAH WHEN HE CRASHED THE FERRY BOAT IN THE HUDSON! BUT COULDN'T SWIM THE RIVER! SO HE SCRAMBLED BACK ON SHORE DOWNSTREAM, CAME BACK TO EAT, AND IS GOING TO MAKE A SECOND TRY!
THAT LEAVES THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE AS HIS ONLY DRY ENTRANCE TO THE JERSEY SIDE!
RIGHT! ONE OF YOU MEN RADIO FORT DIX FOR AN ARTILLERY BATTERY TO BE PLACED AT THE JERSEY SIDE OF THE BRIDGE!
YES, SIR!
9

AS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND GOLDEN GIRL HEAD FOR THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE, THEY DO NOT SUSPECT TYRANNO'S CANDID AND DESTRUCTIVE INSPECTION OF A MODERN METROPOLIS...

SOME TIME LATER

LOOK, JOE...WE GOT COMPANY!

YUP...CAPTAIN AMERICA AND GOLDEN GIRL! I HEAR TYRANNO MIGHT BE HEADIN' THIS WAY!

HEY. WHERE YOU GOIN'?

IF THAT BIG SNAKE'S COMIN' *HERE*, I'VE JUST QUIT A GOOD PAYING JOB!

LOOK! HERE COMES TYRANNO NOW, CAP!

I'LL RADIO THE ARTILLERY BATTERY TO BE PREPARED TO FIRE!

COME BACK, JOE! HE'LL EAT YOU ALIVE!

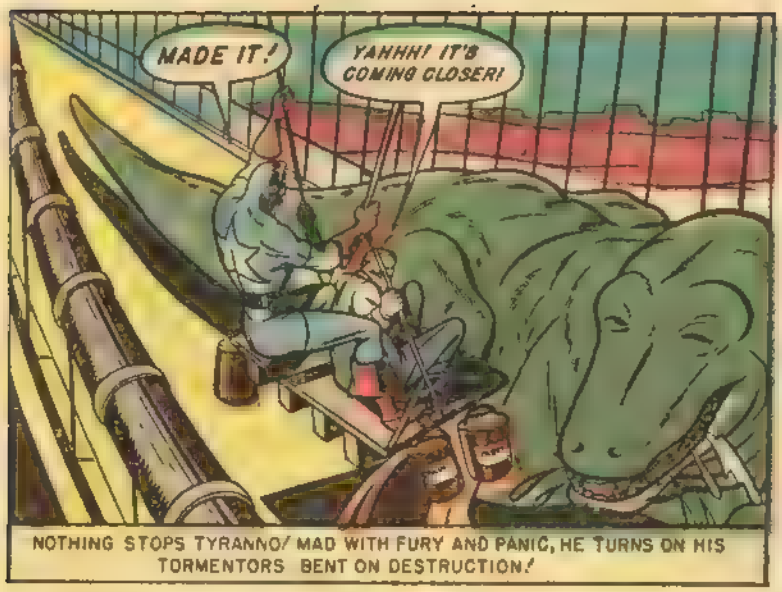
HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA! HELP!

THE PAINTER'S DOWNWARD TRIP LEADS HIM DIRECTLY TO TYRANNO!

SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN AMERICA LEAPS INTO THE AIR!

NO, CAP! DON'T! YOU'LL BE KILLED!

I'VE *GOT* TO SAVE THAT MAN!


MADE IT!
YAHHH! IT'S COMING CLOSER!
NOTHING STOPS TYRANNO! MAD WITH FURY AND PANIC, HE TURNS ON HIS TORMENTORS BENT ON DESTRUCTION!

MAYBE A DOSE OF RED LEAD'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO SQUIRM ABOUT! DON'T LIKE THAT,EH?
RRRRO WKKKKKKK!

BLINDED BY THE PAINT,TYRANNO IS AN EASY TARGET FOR THE ADVANCING ARTILLERY!
THAT GOT HIM! HOLD YOUR FIRE! CAPTAIN AMERICA'S UP THERE!
BOOM!

THE BLINDNESS DROVE HIM AGAINST THOSE WIRES! HE'S CAUGHT IN THEM!

WITH A MIGHTY, FRENZIED BURST OF STRENGTH, TYRANNO SNAPS THE WIRES! HIS TAIL LASHES OUT AS HE FREES HIMSELF, AND..
SEE YOU LATER, FRIEND! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!

WHAT A WAY TO GET BACK TO EARTH!

LUCKY YOU JUMPED DOWN, ALL RIGHT! I'LL RADIO BATTERY NUMBER TWO TO COMMENCE FIRING!
NO, LIEUTENANT! HOLD THAT! TYRANNO'S MORTALLY WOUNDED, AND KNOWS IT! I DON'T THINK HE'LL DO ANY MORE DAMAGE, AS HE'S SAVING ALL HIS STRENGTH FOR ONE PURPOSE!

ONE PURPOSE? CAPTAIN, WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HAVE YOU BEEN READING HIS MIND?

NO! BUT I HAVE BEEN READING RANGELY'S DIARY, AND...

...HE CLAIMS TYRANNO SENSED, IN AN ANIMAL WAY, HE HAD NO BUSINESS IN THIS AGE! ALWAYS KEPT SNIFFING WEST, TOWARD *UTAH*, AS IF HE HAD TO GO BACK FOR SOME UNKNOWN PURPOSE!

UNFORTUNATELY, TYRANNO'S CURIOUSITY COST US MANY LIVES! BUT NOW, WITH DEATH NEAR, HIS ONLY OBJECT IS UTAH...AND THE TAR PIT! LET'S GO, GOLDEN GIRL!

THREE DAYS LATER, AT THE SHOELEE TAR PITS OF UTAH...

LOOK, THERE!...I THINK I PROVED MY POINT! *THERE'S TYRANNO!*

SO! TAKING THAT PLANE OUT HERE WASN'T FOLLY, AFTER ALL!

IN THE DISTANCE, TYRANNO STUMBLES WEAKLY ON HIS MISSION AT LAST FULFILLED...HIS DESTINATION REACHED... HIS GOAL ATTAINED!

BRR-R! REMINDS ME OF AN ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD... THE PLACE WHERE ALL ELEPHANTS GO TO DIE!

I THINK IT WAS INSTINCT THAT URGED HIM TO THE PLACE WHERE RANGELY DISCOVERED HIM AS AN EGG! THERE HE GOES!

STUMBLING, THE GREAT BEAST FLOUNDERS INTO THE BLACK LIQUID OF THE TAR PITS. COME HOME TO DIE!

STRANGE, TYRANNO KNEW HE DIDN'T BELONG TO THIS ERA!

YES! AND *DEATH WAITED A MILLION YEARS FOR HIM!*

LET'S PLAY
DETECTIVE
STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY
"PLANTED EVIDENCE!"
4614
HELP! POLICE!
NEARBY, DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY HEARS THE CRY OF THE JEWELER!
WHAT HAPPENED?
I--I WAS HELD UP BY A MASKED MAN! HE ESCAPED WITH A VERY VALUABLE DIAMOND RING! HE WENT THAT WAY!
HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR--I'LL INQUIRE IN THIS HOT HOUSE!
Jack Saunders GREEN HOUSE
YEAH, SOME GUY SCURRIED PAST HERE! ANYTHING WRONG?
SOME GUY PULLED A STICK-UP! MIND IF I LOOK AROUND?
INTERESTED IN FLOWERS?
YES! ESPECIALLY THESE OVER HERE IN THE SUNLIGHT!
SKIP UPROOTS ONE OF THE PLANTS!
HMM--WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A DIAMOND RING PLANTED BENEATH THESE FLOWERS!
SO JUSTICE STRIKES AGAIN! JACK SAUNDERS CONFESSES TO THE JEWELRY STORE ROBBERY, AND TO A HOST OF MANY OTHER CRIMES!
I HID THE LOOT BENEATH THE PLANTS TO WAIT TILL THINGS COOLED OFF! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THE DIAMOND RING WAS UNDER THAT FLOWER PLANT
THE POSITION OF THE PLANT TOLD ME! FLOWERS WILL ALWAYS FACE THE DIRECTION OF THE SUN! THE ONE PLANT DID NOT SO I KNEW IT HAD JUST BEEN UPROOTED FROM THE POT AND REPLANTED! I WAS CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY--AND MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT!

BLONDE PHANTOM

"ALONE WITH A KILLER!"

THIS IS WHERE THE *HUNTER* GETS *HUNTED!*

STRONGO! *YOU!*

TRAPPED BY A POWERFUL CIRCUS STRONG MAN--HOW CAN THE BEAUTIFUL ***BLONDE PHANTOM*** COPE WITH THIS MIGHTY MAN OF MUSCLE? WHAT WOULD ***YOU*** DO IF ***YOU*** WERE TRAPPED IN A DESERTED HOUSE ***ALONE WITH A KILLER?***

ONE SUNNY DAY A LOVELY RED-GARBED FIGURE RACES DOWN THE STREET..

I'M AFTER A *THIEF!*

WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING TO, MISS PHANTOM?

THE STRONG MAN OF THE BING BROTHERS CIRCUS ROBBED MR BING OF HIS ENTIRE PAYROLL AND MADE OFF WITH IT--AND I'M AFTER HIM! HE RAN THIS WAY!

I'LL HELP YOU!

NO THANK YOU! IF YOU DON'T MIND, MISTER BING IS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE, AND I'D LIKE TO ATTEND TO THIS STRONG MAN MYSELF!
CAN YOU HANDLE HIM ALONE?
I CERTAINLY CAN! YOU'LL SEE!
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO HIDE OUT IN HERE!
THERE HE GOES!
WHAT'S THAT?
SLAM!
NOW I'VE GOT YOU, STRONGO! WILL YOU GIVE UP PEACEFULLY, OR MUST I COME AND GET YOU?
BLONDE PHANTOM!
YOU FOOL! I'M NOT ONLY A STRONG MAN-- I'M ALSO THE CIRCUS STUNT-MAN! WHAT CHANCE HAVE YOU OF CATCHING ME?
LOOK OUT!

DON'T BE NERVOUS! I WON'T HURT YOU-- YET!

SLAM!

THERE! THAT'LL LOCK THE DOOR!

NOW YOUR MEANS OF ESCAPE IS CUT OFF! THE REST OF THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ARE BOARDED UP! YOU'RE THE ONLY LIVING PERSON WHO KNOWS I'M HERE-- SO ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PREVENT *YOU* FROM *TALKING!*

YOU'VE GOT THAT TWISTED AROUND-- *YOUR* ESCAPE IS CUT OFF! YOU'RE *MY PRISONER!*

YOU FOOL, I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON!

BUT THE LIGHTNING-FAST BLONDE PHANTOM IS NO EASY TARGET...

WELL, WHEN DO THE LESSONS *START?*

THUD!

WHEN I GET YOU, I'LL--I'LL...

AH, BUT *FIRST* YOU HAVE TO GET ME!

THAT WON'T TAKE LONG!

WE'LL SEE!

I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU! I'LL STOP AND WAIT--LIKE THIS!

YOU'LL REGRET THAT!
OH-OH! YOU LOOK TOO TOUGH FOR ME! GOOD-BYE!
STOP!
WOW! I MUSTA SCARED HER SO MUCH THAT SHE COMMITTED SUICIDE! FUNNY, I DON'T SEE HER DOWN THERE!
COYK!
HERE I AM--WAITING FOR YOU!
WHAT HIT ME?
IT'S JUST LITTLE OL' ME--THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
STOP THAT SWINGING! WH-WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?
WELL, IF YOU'RE SURE I CAN'T DO THIS, DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU!
4

I'M NOT GOING TO DO *ANYTHING!* YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE A STUNT MAN, SO I JUST THOUGHT YOU'D APPRECIATE A-LITTLE SWING LIKE THIS -- SORT OF FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE!

YOU CAN'T-- I WON'T-- YOU DON'T-- OH, GEEE!

LET GO OF ME!

ALL RIGHT-- IF YOU WANT ME TO-- *THERE!*

CRASH!

WELL, THE VERY GENTLEMAN WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! I GUESS THE BLONDE PHANTOM *DID* CATCH UP WITH YOU, AFTER ALL!

AND SO, A FEW MONTHS LATER, AFTER STRONGO HAS SERVED HIS TERM IN PRISON...

I HEAR THAT STRONGO IS BACK WORKING FOR YOU, MISTER BING -- IS EVERYTHING OKAY NOW?

OH, YES, EVERYTHING IS FINE -- HE'S *COMPLETELY REFORMED!* JUST ONE FUNNY THING...

5

NO WOMEN ALLOWED

... FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, STRONGO REFUSES TO PERFORM IF EVER THERE ARE ANY *WOMEN* PRESENT! I CAN'T *IMAGINE* WHY!

STRO

THE END

STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

The year's twenty-fifth stamp issued by the United States is a 3-cent purple honoring the humorist and philosopher Will Rogers. The design is philately's first portrait of Rogers. Under his likeness "I never met a man I didn't like' – Will Rogers" is inscribed. First-day sale was on Nov 4 at Claremore, Okla.

The twenty-sixth United States item is a 3-cent brown for the centenary of the establishing of "the Post of El Paso" – today's Fort Bliss. "Fort Bliss Centennial" is inscribed above a centered design showing a rocket in flight above the fort. Rocket experiments recently have been one feature of the fort's activities. First-day sale of this stamp was on Nov. 5 at El Paso, Tex.

Twenty-seventh on Uncle Sam's list is a 3-cent which introduces the late Moina Michael to the hobby. The design is a portrait of this Georgia woman, who is recalled as "Founder of Memorial Poppy" (so inscribed on the stamp). It was she who originated the idea of selling poppies for disabled veterans and their dependents. First-day sale was on Nov. 9 at Athens, Ga.

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CANNIBAL AND JUNGLE PACKET
Stamps from those HARD-TO-GET LANDS, from Jungles, headhunters, warring tribesmen, etc., includes are BECHUANALAND, TOGO, IVORY COAST, ININI, MADAGASCAR, CONGO, RUANDA URUNDI, etc. All these scarce stamps only 5c to Approval Buyers.
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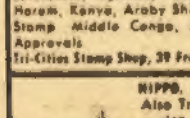

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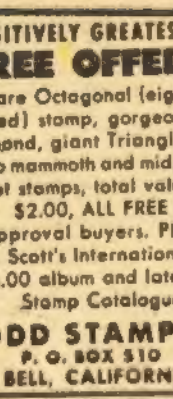

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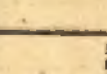

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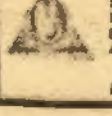

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